

The Mirror

OF

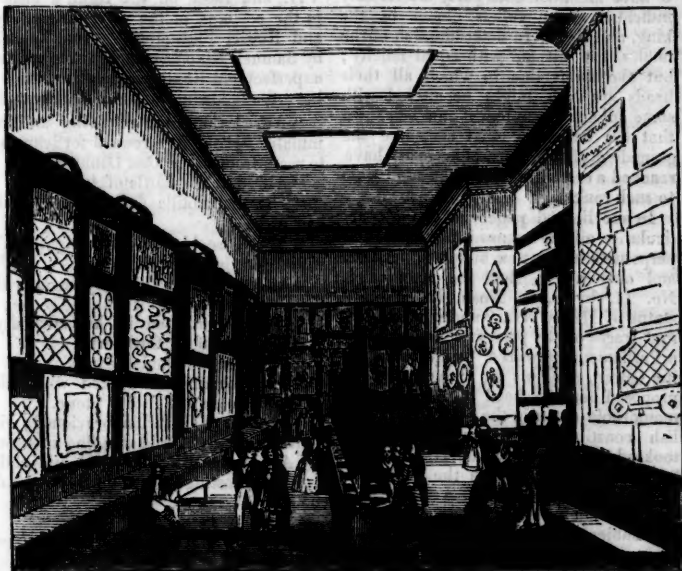
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 19.]

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Original Communications.

THE KING-STREET EXHIBITION.

A CORRECT representation is given above of one of the most interesting exhibitions in London. Though it may be visited gratuitously, on every day but Saturday, for the varieties of talent connected with the decorative art which it comprehends, it is equal to anything we have seen, and for the historical reminiscences which it suggests, it is worth a dozen collections of odds and ends belonging to one remarkable individual, such as have sometimes been produced—to be visited, at an expense of half-a-crown—as if its sage proprietor expected all the world aspired to ride with him on the same hobby.

In June last “Her Majesty’s Commissioners on the Fine Arts,” by advertise-

ment, invited artists to send carved work in wood, designs for stained glass windows, arabesque paintings, and heraldic decorations, ornamented metal-work for screens and gates, and ornamental pavements for the New Palace at Westminster. The exhibition to which we now call public attention presents a series of designs intended to decorate the future Houses of Parliament: they are displayed on each side of the screen, or partition, which appears in the centre of the hall. The carvings, as the visitors enter, are to the right; the stained glass will be found on the left.

Of the carvings many are very beautiful; and representations of some of the most memorable scenes recorded in our national history arrest the eye, and claim almost unqualified admiration. The doors of the new House of Lords, which, it has been intimated, are likely first to

be wanted, have called forth vigorous competition, and produced works of great ingenuity, wrought with superior elegance and precision. W. Freeman, junior's, design, which brings before us the Barons demanding Magna Charta from John, has much well-marked character, and the feelings which may be supposed to have animated each party are forcibly indicated. The sullen gloom of the king, and the stern determination of the nobles, are hit off with equal felicity; but the strait line in which all their heads are seen, might be altered with some advantage, unless it can be shown that the barons of that age, like the grenadiers of this, must of necessity have reached a certain stature to be admissible to such rank.

In our limited pages we cannot particularise all the scenes it is proposed to perpetuate in the new building. A few, and only a few, shall be mentioned. No. 11, by S. A. Nash, besides the statue of Henry III., "under whom the first traces of the present constitution of a Parliament appeared," and the reigning Queen, suggests for "the sculpture proposed for the head of the arch the memorable event in the history of English constitutional government, which took place in Westminster Hall on the 3d of May, 1258, when the peers obtained from Henry III. a fresh and most solemn confirmation of liberty for his subjects." No. 19, by William Thomas, would body forth "the laws that have governed at different periods. In the four principal panels are bas-reliefs, under the general heads of—The Divine Law, The Law of Superstition, The Law of Force, and Justice Revived. In the first, is represented the Lawgiving by Moses, the Justice of Solomon, and the Death of Ananias; in the second, the Trial by Ordeal, the Inquisition, and the Martyrdom by Fire; in the third, 'the Strongest shall be Right,' Trial by Tournament, and Trial by Combat; and in the fourth, the Reformation, the Good Samaritan, and the Trial by Jury: each of these are surmounted with appropriate figures, and in the centre (on the buttress) is the figure of Justice." No. 26, by Wm. Allan, offers in "the first panel representations of a priest, a soldier, and an agriculturist, a lawyer, a sailor, and a merchant, in the costumes of the twelfth century. The centre panels represent Cranmer receiving the Bible from Henry VIII., and King John

signing Magna Charta, in the costumes of the respective periods. The top panels represent David I., King of Scotland, administering justice, and St. Patrick summoned before the king and princes of Tara for lighting the paschal fire. The centre figure represents Britannia, those on the left, Henry III. and Henry VII., and those on the right, a bishop in the costume of the eleventh century, and Robert Fitzwalter." And No. 37, by Samuel Nixon, comprehends almost a perfect old English exhibition, as we have the following *tableaux* enumerated:

"Alfred the Great receiving an illuminated Missal, as a reward for learning to read, from his mother Osburgha.

"Alfred at the Battle of Astou.

"The first flotilla defeating a Danish squadron.

"Alfred scolded by the Neatherd's wife for letting her cakes burn.

"Alfred dividing his only meal with the Pilgrim.

"Alfred comforted in his adversity by the vision of St. Cuthbert.

"Alfred in the Danish camp.

"The meeting of Alfred with his trusty followers at Egbert's Stone.

"Baptism of Guthrum previous to his signing a treaty, Alfred standing sponsor.

"Alfred releasing the wife and children of Hastings, his most powerful enemy.

"Trial by Jury.

"The Assembly of the Witan, or First Parliament."

In the stained glass we have some excellent portraits. Queen Elizabeth at various ages meets the eye. Here we see her as the blooming young creature found at Hatfield, on her sister's decease; there, as might appear, the gracious friend of Leicester; and elsewhere, as she looked at a later period of her life, making up for the injuries time had done her person, by the splendour of her attire and the profusion of her ornaments, as if ambitious of shining forth,

—"Solicitous to bless,

In all the glaring impotence of dress."

Some of the tessellated pavements will be found well worth examining, as also the screens and ornamental metal-work. The effect of a visit to this attractive exhibition will be to convince every visitor who gives the subject his serious attention that the talent of the present day, in the decorative arts, will

be likely to produce for the rising palace embellishments, which, for noble designs and exquisite finish, may proudly challenge comparison with many of the noblest works of antiquity.

1620, 1720, AND 1820;

OR,

THE DEAD GUEST.

(Continued from page 276.)

"I know not how to account for it," said Bantes, "but the strange story told for our amusement yesterday has frequently recurred to me since. Even in my sleep the Dead Guest was present to my thoughts."

"Indeed!" exclaimed his lady.

"I fancied I saw him advancing with slow, solemn, and determined step to seize a hapless beauty doomed to fall his victim. 'You strive in vain,' he groaned; and as, with a sad but merciless air, he stretched forth his hand to grasp the unhappy one, I rushed forward to interpose, and actually started from my bed."

"You awake with the effort, of course?" said Waldrich.

"I did, but even then the delusion was not over. The voice of the spectre, which I had heard in my sleep, still rang in my ears. This was no illusion. It ceased, but it soon began again, and, in a slow strain, and in a hoarse—I should say sepulchral, voice, but still touching and melodious, I distinctly heard these words:—

"'Tis mine to roam in midnight's gloom;
'Tis mine to set a fearful part;
For, Oh! it is my horrid doom
To break a fond confiding heart!
Ah! why was I charmed with a vision of light
To render more hideous the terrible night?"

"Brighter than brightest morn of May,
And softer than its blushing rose,
Must I o'ercloud thy sunny day,
And prove the deadliest of foes?
Why, why was I charmed with a vision of light
To render more hideous the terrible night?"

"And this you really heard?" said the young officer, with an air of vexation and surprise.

"I did, more than once; and the words made an impression on me for which I can only account by referring to the extravagant legend to which I had previously listened."

"It is not a little singular," Waldrich remarked, "that these verses should have been chanted, as it were, in continuance of your dream, and thus imprinted themselves on your memory."

The troops which had been stationed in the town were now ordered from Herbesheim, and Waldrich, with aching heart, took leave of Frederica. Vows of constancy and undying love were exchanged.

He gazed on her with a steadfast and peculiar expression. It recalled the look of astonishment which she had remarked when Waldrich was listening to her father's dream. "And why," she asked, "did that touch you so nearly?"

"I thought that he had found me—that he knew me to be the singer."

"And was it you?"

"Yes; likening myself to the Dead Guest, who can only gaze on beauty for an hour; must then destroy what he loves, and vanish. I mourned that I could only see Frederica for a few moments, disturb her peace of mind, and then withdraw; and in this sombre mood I drew out a song which I had heard sung by the representative of the Dead Guest in a drama."

Frederica mournfully smiled. Deeply affected by her distress, he tore himself away, exclaiming, in a tone so vehement that it almost frightened his sorrowing mistress, "I shall soon return."

The tearful eye, the downcast countenance of Frederica, sufficiently attested how severe the pang which her bosom had experienced. Her mother marked her sadness, and was not long at a loss to conjecture the cause, if she had not discovered it before; and the old lady, in a matter so nearly affecting the welfare of her child, thought it no more than her duty to communicate what she had learned to her husband.

On hearing that his daughter was in love with George Waldrich, the worthy manufacturer started as if he had seen the Dead Guest.

"In love with him?" he exclaimed; "such a match for my daughter must not be thought of for a moment."

"Females," said the mother, "cannot always command their affections."

"Who said they could? Let them then go uncommanded, but their affections must not expect to command the arrangements of others."

"Yet do not forget that Waldrich is generous."

"To be sure he is; so is every beggar. They can afford to be generous who have nothing to give."

"But need you be reminded that to him we owe our daughter?"

"I think not, for it has been already dunned in my ears often enough by you and Frederica."

"The obligation is not a small one."

"Very true, it is so large that I do not wish it increased. It is quite enough to be one child in his debt. I should be sorry to see half-a-dozen grand-children added to the score."

"And are you quite resolved?" inquired the anxious mother.

"I am; so that account is closed."

"What, then, is to be done?"

"Why we must get her married to young Hahu without loss of time."

"But what if she cannot give him her heart?"

"In that case he must be content with her hand. He can make sure of that, and no husband is ever certain of possessing the other."

"At all events I hope you will not hurry the affair."

"When we know a thing must be done, it is folly to hesitate."

"Not so; time may effect a change. The attentions of the young banker will, perhaps, in the end, prevail over recollections of a lover away."

"Delays are sometimes dangerous. The patient gets worse from the disease not being treated in time."

"But consider the advantages which a suitor present has over one that is away."

"With sensible females I grant you. As 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' so sometimes a rational young woman will feel that one admirer present is better than a hundred absent lovers."

Thus matters were left. The mother hoped for the best; the father thought it would be hard indeed if he might not do as he pleased with his own daughter.

That solemn period which had been looked forward to with mingled feelings of awe, curiosity, and mirth, at length opened. The *adventus redemptoris*—the four weeks before Christmas had commenced; and now or never the visitor from the unknown world was to quit his tomb, and "revisit upper air." Bantes remained as sceptical as ever. His dream was scarcely remembered, and the verses which, on awaking, he distinctly heard, were wholly forgotten.

The first Sunday in Advent dawned. Funereal gloom overspread the face of heaven; the thunder roared, and forked lightning, glancing in every direction, seemed almost to threaten destruction.

The boldest gazed on nature's wrath in solemn meditation; the superstitious thought such accompaniments might appropriately be associated with the coming of the Dead Guest. In all the churches that day the congregations were unusually attentive and devout. The morning service had concluded, the tempest still raged, when suddenly a rumour ran through the town with electric rapidity—it was in every one's mouth, that—"the Dead Guest had actually arrived in Herbesheim!"

Bantes had returned from church, and was sitting in his parlour, watching the impetuous beatings of the rain against the windows, which descended in torrents, when one of his workmen, who was occasionally employed about the house, unceremoniously burst in upon him with—

"He is come, sir—he is, indeed."

"Who; Herr Hahu?"

"No, sir."

"Who then?"

"The Dead Guest."

"The Dead Guest—the Devil," replied Bantes, with a sneer.

"No, sir," replied the man, "not the Devil yet that I know of, but I suppose he is not far off."

"Then you may go to him," said the manufacturer.

The workman withdrew, and Bantes felt not a little disposed to laugh at the credulity of the fellow who seemed to believe in the idle report. He was, however, not left at license to do so. A servant entered, with the air of a man just roused from his first sleep, and announced the same startling fact. Several of his journeymen appeared in succession to communicate this important news. At first, he was amused with the ignorant amazement and horror of his people, but at length, weary of the repetition, he became nettled at the intrusion.

"And why," said he, "do all you fools come to me? Where is this dreadful personage—hey? When did he arrive?"

The question thus peevishly put was answered with as much gravity as if there could be no doubt of the fact, in a tone as solemn as the midnight bell—

"Shortly after twelve."

"Really; and where, may I ask, does he put up?"

"At the Black Cross."

"And you believe this, do you? Who told you, pray?"

"No one, sir; I saw him myself, or else I would not have believed it."

"That's quite right, and till I see him I will not believe that he is in Herbesheim."

"Confound these noodles!" he exclaimed, when left alone, "they have sadly interrupted me with their rubbish. Here are matters which must be attended to forthwith, and a set of dolts have prevented me from giving my thoughts to them as I proposed to do. S'death! here is another, I suppose."

The person who now came towards him was not exactly of the same class as those who had preceded him, but Ernest Brandt, a sober-minded, hard-headed book-keeper. He came not to repeat the babble of the day, but to speak on business. When questioned, however, by his employer, he partly confirmed what had been reported, by stating that it was a matter beyond all question that a very remarkable stranger had arrived early that morning at the Black Cross.

"But why," said the master, "why, I should like to know, is this stranger so extraordinary? Have you seen him?"

"I have."

"Then describe him. What is there about him that is very remarkable?"

"Why, sir, first he is certainly very tall."

"Well?"

"And very thin."

"That most tall people are. What else?"

"He is deadly pale."

"Remarkably so?"

"Pale as a shroud."

"And what is his general appearance?"

"His deportment is noble; and he is said to exhibit, and from the little I saw of him I can almost vouch for the truth of that, more than mortal dignity in his look and action."

"You express yourself strangely. I am satisfied, Brandt, that a sensible, reflecting man like you would not be carried away with the stream."

"I speak but of what I saw with my own eyes."

"And how was this person dressed?"

"In black—deep black."

"Pale as a shroud—dressed in deep black—puts up at the Black Cross," muttered Bantes; "the coincidence is certainly remarkable."

"Boundless wealth," Brandt resumed, "would seem to be at his command. He came in a splendid equipage, and his black dress sparkled with chains and diamonds, while rings, supposed to be of immense value, appeared on the fingers of each hand."

"And have you heard anything more?"

"Nothing, save that he arrived when the storm was at its height; while he stepped from his carriage blue lightning glared on every side, and a peal of thunder burst from the clouds that made the wondering crowd, assembled in front of the Black Cross, think heaven and earth were coming together."

Bantes thoughtfully reclined his head on his right hand. "Truly these things are out of the common way," he murmured. "No matter," he added, exalting his voice, and throwing off the nervous embarrassment which had momentarily come over him, "I have now, as you, Brandt, are aware, other matters to attend to. My wife and Frederica are engaged to Dr. Rudbart this afternoon; I have to fetch them home in the evening, so no more of the Dead Guest, for I have accounts to examine before I go, and have little time to lose."

Madame Bantes and Frederica left the manufacturer to arrange his books, which he had resumed to fill up his Sunday afternoon. Brandt having given such assistance as his employer required, also took his departure, and, fully occupied with the concerns to which he devoted his attention, the manufacturer perceived not how the hours flew. It was dusk before he had finished. He then closed his books, shut up his desk, and, taking up his hat, was about to seek

his wife and daughter, when a shrill and agonising scream burst on his ear. The wind roared awfully hoarse. A sweeping gust rushed through the house, and the street-door was slammed too with violence, which shook the whole building. He started from his chair in consternation.

"What can that mean," he exclaimed; and, why, he knew not, at that moment all the horrid rumours of the day recurred to his mind more forcibly than ever. "But what folly," he soliloquised, "it is to associate the fiend, Dead Guest, or whatever he is, with anything that is passing in this house or out of it. Let me at least ascertain what has caused the present alarm."

The scream he knew was from the housemaid, and he felt bound to hasten to her assistance if it were needed, and to rebuke her timid folly, if nothing were the matter.

He had just come to this wise and manly resolution, when a glare of lightning, most vivid, and, as he thought, sulphurous, invaded the apartment. The next moment all was darkness.

The servant, whose cry he had heard, was in a fit. He found her attended by a fellow-servant, by a female friend, and by Brandt.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"There was a knock," said Brandt; "Catherine opened the door, and instantly fell back as you see, her eyes starting from her head. She could not have been more alarmed had she beheld old Nick."

"Old Nick!" exclaimed the female friend. "If that had been all she would not have been thus overpowered. It must have been something worse."

A loud knocking was heard, and the manufacturer withdrew. Scarcely had he regained the parlour, when the door flew open, and a figure stood before him. Another fearful flash illuminated the room, and with jaws expanded, and gasping for breath, he saw the countenance of Brandt, his book-keeper.

"What—what—for heaven's sake! what is the matter!" exclaimed the employer.

"He is here," was all that the terrified Brandt could utter.

"Who?" demanded the manufacturer.

"The Dead Guest," was the faltering reply; and Brandt vanished as if he had been a ghost.

A third flood of elemental fire burst on his madly-staring eyes; a roar of thunder, which seemed as if all the ordnance in the world had been discharged at the same moment, was heard; and, attired in black, but glistening with gold and jewels, a tall figure, whose ashy white face more than realised whatever the much florid report had pictured, advanced and stood in awful majesty before him.

What the stranger first said the honest

manufacturer never could recollect; but instead of attempting to answer—"Lights, lights!" was his only cry.

But the housemaid had fainted, Brandt had fled, and if his call was heard by any of his domestics, either they were so busily engaged in attending to the still trembling female servant, or so unwilling to approach the dreaded stranger, that his demand, though more than once reiterated, was not heard; at all events no answer was returned, and with no small trepidation he found himself alone, in darkness, and face to face with the Dead Guest.

(*To be continued.*)

ART-UNIONS.

THE putting a stop to the distribution of works of art, by the Government declaring them to be illegal, has caused great dissatisfaction and much regret in many quarters. We always considered them calculated to do good, and the artists with whom we have conversed were almost all of the same opinion. There are, however, two views to be taken of every subject, and the following strictures from the "Polytechnic Magazine" furnish the best defence of the interdict we have yet seen:

"The success of these Art-Unions must, it is obvious, depend on the number of blanks, and not upon the number of prizes that may be drawn. We have, therefore, at once a premium offered to inferior artists for inferior works, in order to make up the full complement for the raffle. Hence, many young and meritorious artists are tempted to fritter away their time and talents in hastily executing pictures to order, instead of sitting down to study, or enter upon any self-improving great work. The Art-Union of London having squandered 36,000*l.* in this way, must have done a great deal more harm than good, for the distribution of so many inferior works must inevitably tend to vitiate public taste." Nor is this all: instead of creating a demand for works of art, these chance distributions have, we are persuaded, a directly contrary tendency. The possessor of a prize—good, bad, or indifferent—carries it home with him contented; he hangs it up in his hall, his parlour, or, it may be, in the bar of a public-house. His guinea chance has turned out so well, that he will in all probability not buy another picture all his life. What, then, has the Art-Union of London done, to claim any special protection from government? Our an-

swer is, nothing. Look to the last presentation engravings of the London Art-Union. There is not one of them we should have any pleasure in accepting. The last, we believe, is 'Una.' We all know Hilton to have been one of the most accomplished, although least known, artists of our school; but he was very unequal, as Una evinces; and what could induce him to paint such a picture, and the Art-Union to engrave it, we cannot possibly conceive. The 'Tired Huntsman' is another crying absurdity, selected and engraved professedly to refine public taste in matters of art. Who, that has paid any attention to the arts, would confide in the taste and judgment of persons capable of making such selections for their subscribers?"

SABBATH THOUGHTS.

And was it thus, glad Sun, that thou
On Eden's earliest Sabbath rose,
To sink as calmly bright as now
Thou sinkest to repose?
Did our first father gaze on thee
With thoughts as rapt as throned on me?

Thou, and the stars and moon, alone,
Of all that bless'd the primal earth,
Remain to shine, as ye first shone
At the creation's birth,
When man walked forth the lord of all,
Fresh from his Maker's plastic call.

Unchanged 'mid all mutations, still
Thou wear'st the joyous look of youth;
Unbann'd for sin with death or ill,
Thy smile still glows with truth;
And part of Eden lives in thee,
From gloom, and woe, and passion free.

And such a Sabbath, rife with bliss,
So sweetly mild, and soft, and lone,
And fraught with pensive happiness,
As thou now shinest on,
Be mine, when breaks within the sky
The day-spring of Eternity!

GEORGE MOIR BUSSEY.

THE LATE WILLIAM BECKFORD.

FROM the newspapers we learn that the author of "Vathek" is no more. He died last week at Bath, where he had erected a singular edifice, in some respects a miniature of his former abode, the far-famed Fonthill Abbey.

Mr. Beckford was an extraordinary man. He was the son of Mr. Alderman Beckford, who gained great fame by his replying on the moment to George III., when the monarch gave an ungracious reception to an address from the city. The words which he used on that remarkable occasion were placed in Guildhall, with his statue, to testify the admiration which they had called forth from his fellow-citizens, and the gratitude

which accompanied it. He was not, in all respects, so tenderly dealt with by others, as we find one satirical poet speaking of what he had addressed to royal ears as

"That senseless speech which Balaam's ass might own."

Mr. Beckford, the son, seemed well disposed to a public life, and became a member of the House of Commons. Rumours to his prejudice of the most fearful character got abroad. He was shunned by many, and in grief, disgust, or resentment, withdrew to his seat in Wiltshire. There he raised the vast fabric we have named, and which a quarter of a century ago was the theme of every tongue.

It was not the splendour of the edifice—though that was great—nor the value of its contents—though on these immense sums had been expended—that fixed public attention on Fonthill Abbey, so much as the habits of the proprietor, exaggerated, and, in all probability, misrepresented, by report. He was said to see no company, to allow no approach—yet to live in almost regal state. Though he had servants fitting his opulence, his favourite was understood to be a dwarf, called Pero. Mr. Beckford was described to be violent. He would speak harshly, or more than speak, to a servant or a villager that came in his way, but, soon relenting, it was his care nobly to recompense the party he had outraged. It was shrewdly suspected that some of those who experienced the throb of his impetuous anger had artfully put themselves in the way of it, for the sake of the healing donation which was likely to follow.

He certainly lived in seclusion for a number of years, and objected to the abbey being shown to the curious. It was even said, George IV., when Prince of Wales, had intimated a wish to visit it, which had been met by something like a refusal. Be this as it may, it got wind among the public that the residence of Mr. Beckford was "a sealed book;" and when, in 1822, the news burst on the town that the abbey and all its contents were about to be on public view, preparatory to a sale by auction, every one was anxious to see the Palace of Wonders. It was likened to throwing open the blue-room of Bluebeard.

Mr. Christie was the auctioneer to whom the important charge was confided. Catalogues were issued, and

thousands repaired to Hindon, and thence to Fonthill. Great was the interest in the approaching sale, when, the day before it was commenced, a new surprise was prepared for the public mind, and it was announced that there would be no sale at all!

The whole property had been bought by the late Mr. H. Phillips for a Mr. Farquhar, a Scotsman, of very penurious habits, who had made a vast fortune in India, but who continued to dress and to live in the meanest style. He bought this palace and park, not because, like old *Scrooge*, a dream had induced him to rush from grinding parsimony to open-hearted benevolence, but because it appeared a good opportunity for increasing his store, aided by the experience and talent of the Bond-street auctioneer. It is true he took up his abode in it for a time, but he bought it not to inhabit, but to sell, and accordingly it was announced in the following year that the whole, as the phrase is, was to be brought to the hammer.

Mr. Phillips took possession of the abbey—and then, how changed was the scene! Where silence and solitude had long been witnessed, crowds assembled, and day after day, and week after week, a merry group was seen at his hospitable board, among whom the representatives of the press found a distinguished place. Those who partook of the entertainments given on that occasion, while extravagant dissipation was avoided, confess that nothing was wanting to render them perfect hours of enjoyment. It was in the cloisters, approached by the western avenue, that they usually took place. They broke up early, as the indefatigable Phillips had always occupation for the evening.

Mr. Beckford's library was very extensive, yet, among the countless ranges of books which he possessed, he had so extraordinary a memory, that he could at once indicate the shelf, and the part of the shelf, on which any particular volume might be found. This was proved, to the utter amazement of the new proprietor of Fonthill. In many of the works, notes had been made, in the handwriting of Mr. Beckford: the books which contained them were intended to be withdrawn, but, by accident, some escaped discovery; they were discovered by the prying gentlemen of the press, and the memoranda found in several of the books appeared in the newspapers.

They were eagerly sought after at the sale, though frequently they presented but quotations from the books: occasionally, however, they expressed opinions, and some of them were of a most singular nature. High prices were given for these, and some, it was understood, were purchased for Mr. Beckford at twenty times the price which the holder had given for them at the sale. His thoughts were often expressed with great force. In one instance, speaking of human nature, he powerfully marked his sense of the humanising power of letters. He pointed to the mind of man as wretched in its native state—as "blood-raw, till cooked by education."

One of the works which he had most copiously illustrated, was Irving's "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of George

Buchanan." The movements of the learned Muretus, as there recorded, attracted his observation, and more than one of his notes relate to that individual, the melancholy accusations to which he was subjected, and the strange effects they produced on his constitution. We have seen the work just mentioned, with the notes in Mr. Beckford's handwriting. As specimens of penmanship—or pencilmanship rather, for they are written with a black-lead pencil—they are curious; and as many would like to read the commentaries of so remarkable a man, we purpose obtaining a copy of them for the next number of *The Mirror*. These, with the passages in the book to which they have reference, may throw considerable light on the manner of the author of "Vathek."



NAPOLEON'S RE-VISIT TO MARENGO.

NAPOLEON.

A cheap and revised edition of the history of the wonderful man who so long ruled the destinies of Europe, is being brought out in numbers by Willoughby. It is to be embellished with 20 portraits, and 500 engravings, by Horace Vernet and M. Jacques. Many of these have great merit, and would fitly adorn a much more expensive work. We give one by way of extract, to represent Napoleon re-visiting Marengo, the scene of a memorable triumph, where, in the moment when all seemed to be lost, un-hoped-for victory exhibited to him a startling view of the chances of war—then to him most grateful, though subsequently he experienced them in all their bitterness—in humiliation, exile, and death.

THE NOBLE HOUSE OF AYLESFORD.



Arms. Ar. a chev., between three griffins, passant, sa.

Crest. A griffin, passant, sa.

Supporters. Dexter, a griffin, sa., ducally gorged, or.; sinister, a lion, or., ducally gorged, az.

Motto. "Aperto vivere voto." "To live without a wish concealed."

THIS family springs from the first Earl of Nottingham, through whom its pedigree may be traced back to the time of Henry I. The second son of Heneage, first Earl of Nottingham, who was also named Heneage Finch, having embraced the profession of the law, attained celebrity at the bar, and became solicitor-general, Jan. 13, 1678, and was subsequently the principal of those eminent advocates who defended the seven bishops. In the convention Parliament, he represented the university of Oxford, and in subsequent parliaments so long as he continued a commoner. In 1702, he was chosen on the part of the university to compliment queen Anne, on her majesty's visit after her accession, to the an-

cient city of Oxford, and on that occasion he was elevated to the peerage by the title of Baron Guernsey, March 15, 1702-3; and shortly after the accession of George I., October 19, 1714, he was created Earl of Aylesford. He was in the same year appointed chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, and nominated a member of the Privy Council. He married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Sir John Brooks, Bart. of Aylesford, and had issue, Heneage, Lord Guernsey, two other sons, and three daughters. He died June 22, 1719, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Heneage, who married Mary, daughter and heir of Sir Clement Fisher, Bart., of Packington, in the county of Warwick. His lordship had issue, Henry, Lord Guernsey, and three daughters, and dying June 29, 1757, the title came to his son of the same name, Heneage, third earl of Aylesford, LL.D.; he was born Nov. 6, 1715, and married Oct. 6, 1750, Charlotte, daughter of Charles sixth Duke of Somerset, by his grace's second wife. This Lady Charlotte Finch, daughter of Daniel, Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, by whom he had issue Heneage, Lord Guernsey, six other sons, and four daughters; he died May 9, 1777, and was succeeded by his eldest son Heneage above mentioned. This nobleman was born July 15, 1751, and married Nov. 18, 1781, Lady Louisa Thynne, daughter of Thomas first Marquis of Bath, and had issue, Heneage, the present Earl, three other sons, and seven daughters; his lordship was Steward of the Household, died October 21, 1812; on his decease the title came to Heneage Finch, F.S.A., the present Earl, who was born April 24, 1666; he married April 23, 1821, Lady Augusta Sophia Greville, daughter of George second Earl of Brooke and Warr—she has issue Heneage, Lord Guernsey, born December 24, 1824; Daniel, born April 26, 1827, besides two daughters, Margaret and Sarah.

ON METALS, CHROMES, AND ANION DEPOSITS GENERALLY.

No. VII.

(Continued from page 280.)

The most casual reader cannot have failed to notice the remarkable order which has prevailed in the liberation of elements from their compounds: for instance, he has always seen that the anode is the place where oxygen appears, and the cathode is the place where hydrogen and where copper appear. Now this order prevails throughout the whole list of electrolytes and their elements; so that the electro-chemist has been able to divide bodies into two great classes—

anions, or such as appear at the anode; and cathions, or such as appear at the cathode. A few examples may be instructive:

ANIONS.

Oxygen; chlorine; iodine; bromine; nitric acid; sulphuric acid; carbonic acid; and the acids generally.

CATHIONS.

Hydrogen; the metals; ammonia; potassa; soda; lime; and the protoxides generally. Vegetable alkalies.

We are not permitted now to enter too minutely into the *secondary* actions, which often modify the primary result: the two cases which have already been before us are sufficient for illustration; the first, in which the oxygen, from decomposed water, enters into combination with the metal of the electrode; the second, in which the hydrogen combines, by electrine affinity, with the oxygen of an oxide, and releases the metal. The third case being, in fact, that which covers metallo-chromes and anion deposits, is when the oxygen combines with the compound in solution; and *the product of such combination is deposited.*

Sugar of lead, or, as it is chemically termed, acetate of lead, is well stirred in water until a saturated solution is obtained; this is then filtered for use. The composition of this solution is oxide of lead in diluted acetic acid. Some of it may be poured in a flat dish over a polished plate of platinum, or, which answers equally well, a polished steel-plate. This plate is touched with the battery wire so as to become an anode; if the point of the other wire is dipped into the solution, and held at a little distance from the surface of the steel plate, a succession of concentric rings, coloured with all the brilliant tints of the spectrum, make their appearance. They seem to grow out of the plate. They are caused by the presence of very thin films of peroxide of lead, deposited from the solution. Light is reflected through them from the polished surface of the plate, and is decomposed into one or other prismatic tint according to the thickness of the film. One word on the electro-chemistry of the matter, and we leave the science of the subject, to give a few instructions as to the modes of obtaining them. Water is decomposed in this case as in the preceding; but the oxygen, in place of combining with the anode, combines with the protoxide of lead held in solution, converts it into a peroxide, and

the peroxide is deposited in these their films—the release of the metal; lead at the other electrode goes on as usual. Two cells of the battery, and sometimes three should be used for producing the best effects. The result is obtained in a few seconds. The colours make their appearance in due gradation. Immediately on immersing the point, a small circle of a silver blond colour, like very light hair, makes its appearance; this increases in size, and becomes darker at its centre until it reaches a decided fawn colour; it then passes on through various shades of violet, until it reaches the indigos and blues. The blue makes its appearance in about three seconds; the imagination cannot conceive of any thing more brilliant than its tint; it emerges from the centre, as it were from a cloud, and bursts on the eye with surpassing splendour. The tints pass on, through pale blue to yellow, and then through a range to lake, and through bluish lake to green, and greenish orange: next follow rose orange, which fades off to greenish violet and green: by various shades, this passes to reddish yellow, and onward to rose-lake. According to Nobili, who first devised these experiments, rose-lake is the forty-fourth colour of the series. This series of colours will constitute a ring of an inch or more in diameter, rose-lake occupying the centre; the width of each colour, and the distinctive characters, depend mainly on the strength of the voltaic action, and the distance at which the point is held from the plate. The whole operation, as I have said, only occupies a few seconds; and any action after the appearance of the rose-lake, operates in undoing what has been done, by increasing the thickness of the films beyond the limit which gives colour.

This then is the first and simple form of metallo-chromes.

(To be continued.)

PARASELENÆ

SEEN AT HIGH-FIELD HOUSE, LENTON,
NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

SIR,—On Wednesday, May 1st, 1844, at 11h. 10m. P.M. a most remarkable and curious phenomenon made its appearance. The following are the remarks which I made at High-field House, situated about two and a half miles S.W. of Nottingham.

The day was very fine, and the max

thermometer in shade, 69·30°; in sun, 91°; the barometer at 11 P.M. was rising, and had reached 30·722 inches; wind, a slight breeze from E. At 11 o'clock, I noticed the sky, and also five minutes afterwards, but nothing uncommon appeared, few cirri of a very electric nature converged towards S. a colourless lunar halo of about 28° in diameter, and a lunar burr were visible.

11h. 10m. The sky was cloudless, except a portion from S.E. to S.W. extending to the zenith, which was thickly scattered with cirri. On a lower level were a few cumulostrati clouds, all converging towards S. At this hour a most beautiful and rare phenomenon took place, a brilliant mock-moon, of a silvery colour, shone out of the lunar halo on the west side, a little below the horizontal level of the moon; also three arcs of inverted rainbows appeared; the first within the lunar halo, and nearly at the highest part of it cut off upwards of 27° from the halo. The second rested on the summit of the lunar halo, the circumference of which was about 28°. And the third at about 10° higher, whose circumference was 27°; all opened in a direction to the north.

11h. 13m. The points where the rainbow cut the halo, were two bright oval flames, and evidently paraselenæ, and about 10° higher than the inverted rainbow was a complete circle, whose diameter was nearly 80° (this extended to the zenith), having Cor Caroli nearly in the centre of the circle.

11h. 15m. The mock-moon and also inverted rainbow disappeared, and the circles and inverted rainbows still remained very bright.

11h. 20m. All had vanished except the lunar halo and burr, which disappeared at half-past eleven o'clock. This phenomenon did not reappear. No prismatic colours were exhibited during this very rare paraselenæ, which I think is usual with these extraordinary appearances. It may be as well to add, that the weather for the last fortnight, has been nearly cloudless, and for the last few evenings the distant prospect has been remarkably clear. The wind has been in the east for some time, and until it moves out of that quarter, it is probable that we shall have no rain.

Yours sincerely, E. J. LOWE.

High-field House, Lenton, May 3rd.

ENGLISH LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER VII.—EXECUTIONS, AND PUNISHMENT OF CRIMINALS.

It has been remarked that crimes of a serious and capital nature were by far more frequent in the last, than in the present century; and surely the punishment of crime was proportionately severer and commensurate with its extent. In addition to the crimes which the law now visits with the punishment of death, forgery, burglary, highway robbery, felony, and even what we should almost be inclined to designate petty larceny, were capital offences, and when we cast our eyes down the columns of an old newspaper, it is truly painful to notice the frequent recurrence of the words, "Verdict, guilty—Sentence, death."

Tyburn, at the western end of Oxford-street, was the principal place of execution, and, serious as are the associations with which that word is coupled, we can scarcely refrain from smiling when we reflect, that what is to us scarcely half an hour's ride in one of the thousand omnibuses which daily rattle over the paved and busy street between the city and Paddington, was, to our grandfathers, comparatively a weary pilgrimage along what was then "the road to Tyburn," between green hedges and stately trees, and in constant dread of highwaymen or footpads. I have said Tyburn was "the principal" place of execution, for this was not the only spot on which the instrument of death was raised. Execution Dock, at Wapping, was devoted to the punishment of such criminals as had been guilty of capital offences "on the high seas." It was no uncommon, and, from its frequency, scarcely considered a shocking, occurrence in the streets of London, to meet a waggon, or, rather, what is called a "Thames-street cart," moving at a slow pace along the street, and conveying some unhappy culprit to the place of execution. The cart contained also the offender's coffin placed before his eyes, and the chaplain, praying aloud, and exhorting him to repentance. The mournful procession, in which a silver oar, and other symbols of authority, were exhibited, surrounded by a crowd of idlers, arrived at Execution Dock, and in a few minutes the convict was seen struggling between life and death. The tide beneath the criminal was at nearly its lowest ebb, when the execu-

tioner cast him off, and the body had to remain until the river touched his feet: sometimes it was allowed to reach his knees. It was then cut down, and placed in the same cart, with a piece of black cloth flung carelessly across it, paraded through the city, and deposited in Hicks' Hall. For the next week the body of the unhappy convict lay for the inspection of the curious and sight-seeing public, cut and mangled, dissected, and anatomised—a sickening spectacle to the multitude who crowded to see it, and linger in the gallery to cast down one more look upon the revolting scene. When every seeker of medical knowledge, from the experienced surgeon to the thoughtless student, had dabbled in the blood of the criminal, the body, mangled and hideous as it was to view, was loaded with chains, and suspended from one of the gibbets which lined the banks of the river in the olden time. "That is my old messmate, Tom Brown," c; "There hangs my fellow-apprentice, Jack Smith," the sailors would say, as they passed down the Thames. Every corpse, disfigured and mutilated though it was, was well known; and as the watermen rowed their boats along the river, they would occasionally pull a little out of their way, to drive off the birds that were greedily devouring the body of some old companion.

Such is an outline of the scenes which were frequently occurring at Execution Dock. Still more frightful outrages to the public feelings were perpetrated at Tyburn, where, on the Monday morning after his conviction, followed the execution, of the criminal. And the execution of a single offender was, unhappily, of rare occurrence: several, and in some instances, even as many as twenty, have suffered at once; and if only two or three convicts were brought to execution, the crowd which had assembled to witness the sad spectacle returned in disappointment home, complaining that "there were scarcely any people hanged at Tyburn this morning!"

But even the streets of London were occasionally converted into places of execution, and perambulating gallowses and temporary scaffolds erected for the punishment of offenders. Subsequently to the riots of 1780, this mode of execution was very frequent; and all who had, or were even suspected to have, been concerned in the outrages of that period, were indiscriminately hanged on the

spots which had been the scene of their offences. Two cases, in particular, I have heard alluded to: one, of a Jew, who was executed opposite to White-chapel Church, and whose shrieks rang through the neighbourhood; and the other, a youth, hanged at Smithfield, on a charge which afterwards proved to be erroneous.

We may, even now-a-days, occasionally encounter a man with bills on his hat and bills in his hand, bawling about the streets an account of "The Life, Trial, and Execution" of some miserable convict; but in the last century his was a busy occupation, for the last moments of some score of criminals had to be recorded every quarter. In many instances the execution was anticipated, and while the hangman was fixing the rope round his victim's neck, the vendor of ballads and "execution papers" would commence shouting, "Here's a full, true, and particular account of the Life, Trial, and Execution of the wretched malefactor who was hanged this morning at Tyburn," or "before the Debtors' Door, Newgate" (as the case might be), "together with his last dying speech and confession, and a moving copy of verses, together with a letter which he wrote the night before his execution." This was the most popular form of the dismal cry which was chaunted to a melancholy air, and duly delivered in a solemn and imposing tone. These "accounts" were wretchedly printed on flimsy paper, with a coarse representation of a general imaginary criminal (which had been a "correct portrait" of the last fifty "wretched malefactors") at the head, or the form of the gallows. The price was one penny; and, when newspapers were dear, and beyond the means of the many, these narratives, incorrect and imperfect as they were, were greedily purchased. It is almost needless to add, that the report of the execution, the confession of the criminal, and the copy of verses, were all the produce of some Grub-street penny-a-liner's fertile imagination. They were printed on the preceding evening; and the cheat was occasionally ludicrously exposed by a reprieve, or pardon, being sent down after the vendor had been supplied.

Two modes of punishment, now entirely obsolete, were frequently adopted in the last century: the one, "flogging at the cart's tail," when the convict was tied to the back of a cart and whipped

through the principal thoroughfares; the other, exposure in the pillory, where he was elevated in public situations—such as Cornhill, Cheapside, or Aldgate—for certain offences, and subjected to the revilings and insults of the crowd; and those were the most harmless visitations which assailed him: showers of mud, rotten eggs, and stones, were generally directed towards him; and when, after the expiration of a few hours, he was taken down, he was frequently found entirely exhausted, in some instances seriously injured, and, in one instance, the sufferer was killed outright. Another description of pillory, which has now fallen greatly into disuse, especially in the neighbourhood of London, is “the stocks,” with a pair of which each parish was usually furnished, and in which drunkards, beggars, vagrants, and impostors, convicted as “rogues and vagabonds,” were locked by the feet, and thus exposed to the scorn of the passers-by.

The punishment of burning was not entirely abolished at the close of the last century; for I can remember hearing an inveterate sight-seer, who had punctually attended every execution at Tyburn and Newgate for upwards of fifty years, remark that “he had not seen an execution now for many years, for the fact was, that when he last visited Tyburn, a young woman was burnt, and he returned home so faint and sick after the sight, that he had not the courage to go there again.”

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

THE EMPEROR & THE COMEDIAN.

AN HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

MANY monarchs have delighted in an extravagant and startling exhibition of power, but the Russian despots, perhaps, more frequently than others, have been in the habit of blending dramatic contrivances both with vengeance and playfulness.

The emperor Paul was a strange, half-mad personage; he honoured with his favour many humble persons, and among the number, one Frogère, a French player, who had the honour of occasionally dining at the imperial table, where sometimes his sallies were held to be brilliant. One day a compliment was paid to the emperor which went to exalt him above his ancestor Peter the Great. The emperor affected modesty, but at the same time attempted a witticism, remarking that so to flatter him was “robbing Peter to pay Paul;” and ap-

pealed to Frogère if that were fair. The player, for the sake of the joke, rather than the truth, instantly admitted that it was not, “as there was no probability that ever any one would be able to rob Paul to pay Peter.” This did not please; there was too much sarcastic truth in it to pass current in that society. Every one looked blank; the party broke up before the gloom had passed away, and Frogère, much disconcerted, retreated to his bed, and tried to forget the mishap in sleep. That night his chamber was abruptly entered by an officer and four armed men, and the emperor’s warrant for his arrest was produced. It was announced that he was banished to Siberia, and must forthwith commence his sad journey. He was merely allowed time to provide himself with a change of clothes, when he was forced into a carriage, which, strongly guarded, moved forward, two soldiers with pistols and a drawn sword being his companions in the vehicle. They advanced briskly during the night, and when day returned, the actor was blindfolded.

A stop was at length made; he was removed from the coach, and the bandage being taken from his eyes, he found himself in a wretched hovel. Some coarse food was set before him, while an officer, with whom he had formerly been on intimate terms, looked on in cold forbidding silence.

Frogère was too much afflicted to eat. “What have I done,” he exclaimed, “to merit this severity?”

“Need you to be told?” inquired the officer; “have you forgotten the mad insult you ventured to offer the Emperor of all the Russias at his own table? So outrageous a sarcasm his imperial majesty could not forgive.”

“Heaven is my witness,” said Frogère, “I meant no offence. Can you not make this known? cannot you intercede for me?”

“Impossible! all I can do is to take care of your property at Moscow. Any other commission that you may give me I will faithfully execute.”

“And am I to be banished for life?”

“No; the kindness of the emperor for you forbids him to go so far; you are only to remain in Siberia thirty years!”

“Thirty years!” Frogère exclaimed with horror. In that mournful hour the vast difference between banishment for life and “only for thirty years” was hardly appreciated.

The officer took his leave; Frogère was again blinded, and the carriage pursued its journey. At intervals it stopped, and a scanty meal was set before the prisoner. How long they had been travelling he could not tell, but he concluded they had reached the confines, when, blinded with more care than ever, he found the upper

part of his dress loosened, his arms pinioned, and in this situation he was placed on a seat. He heard the jarring sound of muskets, and the military word of command, and recommended his soul to heaven. Another movement was made, which told him the fatal moment was at hand, when the bandage fell from his eyes, and he found himself in the same place which he had filled when he hazarded that jocular remark which had caused him to experience so much affliction. The emperor presided, and all present laughed delighted with the imperial prank, for such it was, which had driven the object of it half a dozen miles round the palace under the circumstances described, — some four-and-twenty hours. For poor Frogère the change was too violent; he fainted in the moment when his safety was announced, and did not immediately revive to receive the congratulations of those courtiers who could admire such a fearful experiment on the actor's feelings as had been made by the then potent despot, the miserable emperor Paul.

Another still more remarkable scene was shortly afterwards got up in the same place. The emperor joyously supped with the performer and a select company. When the entertainment ended, Frogère and those who remained to the last, withdrew to the chambers in the palace. An alarm was suddenly given; all rose, and sought the emperor's apartments. They entered them, and found the cause of their disturbance was more than a joke, as extended on the floor lay the corpse of the despot!

PANORAMA OF HONG KONG.

Mr. Burford's Panorama has been too long and too favourably known to the public to render it necessary to say more in praise of any new picture which he may exhibit, that it is not unworthy of the artist. This view of the island of "Chrystal Stream" recently added to the British Empire is an agreeable variety. It is boldly painted, and brings a multitude of interesting objects before us.

"The Panorama," it is well said in the description published by Mr. Burford, "is taken from a commanding situation in the harbour, and embraces a very considerable extent of view. On the south is the island, presenting the whole of the new town of Victoria, already rising into consequence. Streets of commodious houses, in every style of architecture, several churches and chapels of different denominations, wharfs, stores, and innumerable cottages and huts of the Chinese,

stretch along the shore in an irregular manner, a distance of more than two miles; whilst various little eminences, rising at intervals, are crowned by buildings of considerable size, among which the Government House is conspicuous, from its flag-staff with the British ensign, as are several charitable institutions, from their size and situation; the whole is backed by a range of high, rugged, and barren hills, of every variety of character, and every diversity of colour, forming an imposing back-ground, and contrasting finely with the pleasing appearance of the town. To the north, the mainland of China presents a few buildings about the small town of Kow-loon, and a succession of lofty hills and mountains, as far as the eye can reach; some rising suddenly from the water's edge, and towering to an immense height, the rugged and stern character of which gives grandeur to the scene, and produces a sublime effect. The whole of the immense bay between these two points is entirely covered by ships and craft of every description; large heavy-built, and wretchedly-appointed war-junks, offering a strange contrast to the beautiful symmetry and correct proportions of the contiguous British men-of-war; finely-carved and painted Mandarin boats, fishing and fast boats, sampans, and every kind of Chinese boat, many of which are so close to the spectator as to afford an interesting insight into the manners, customs, and costume of this singular people."

Reviews.

Autobiography of a Dissenting Minister.

[Smith, Elder & Co.

THIS little work we see from the title-page has reached a sixth edition. It is a very clever performance; some of the scenes are marked by the insinuating, sly humour which we admire in the "Vicar of Wakefield." The following description of the impertinence in which people indulge who undertake to patronise the "Poor Preacher," is very happy.

"Being a modest young man, I patiently bore being told of my faults, and frequently expressed my thankfulness for the information, wisely remarking that they were our best friends who gave us advice whereby we might profit. There was another excellent feature in the character of this young lady, and that is, that so great was her candour, that she not only told me very freely her own opinion of my ser-

mons and prayers and general deportment, but she as liberally communicated to me the opinions of nearly all the rest of the congregation; for if any one wished me to know this, that, or the other, and felt any reluctance or shyness to tell me of it in so many words, they had nothing to do but to mention it to this daughter of the general shopkeeper, and she would inform me of it in the most delicate manner imaginable. Indeed, she used to boast that no one could speak so freely to me as she could; and she used always and very loudly to praise the good sense which I invariably displayed in not resenting the information, as some silly people would do. To give a specimen or two of the kind of animadversion to which I allude, I will mention a few matters which, though they may appear trifling to those who are not dissenting ministers, are yet matters of moment to those that are. There was an old lady who sat under the gallery on the right side of the pulpit, who was by no means deaf, but could not hear several sentences in the course of my sermons, because I occasionally dropped my voice, or turned too much to the left. There was a young lady who sat on the left side of the pulpit, who was highly accomplished and very nervous, who frequently had the headache in consequence of the loudness of some of my tones. There was an old gentleman who complained that I spoke a great deal too fast, so that it was impossible for any one to understand me; and then, presently afterwards, as ill luck would have it, there was a young gentleman who thought that my utterance was so slow, that the first part of a sentence was forgotten before the latter part was pronounced. There was a schoolmaster who said that he had several times detected me in the improper use of the aspirate, and once he went so far as to affirm that I said *vicked* instead of *wicked*. Some complained that I did not use scriptural language enough in my prayers; others wished that my sermons were not quite so metaphysical; and from others I heard the complaint that my style was too florid and ornamented. But still I was very much liked, and was decidedly a general favourite, only I wanted one or two little improvements in order to be quite perfect. All these things were told me quite in confidence, and with the purest intention of doing me a service. In like manner, as touching my general demeanour and deportment, I found that many eyes were upon me, and that my friends were as anxious for my perfection out of the pulpit. For instance, I was told by my monitress of the general shop, that I had been accused of reading novels; now I knew it was very wicked to read novels in general, but I thought that there was no

harm in reading those of Walter Scott; but my friend observed that a novel was a novel, and I could not deny it. Some persons also, not of the congregation, used, I was told, to remark that I could have but little time for reading and composing sermons, for I might be always seen walking about the town; but it was very kindly said for me that while I was walking I was thinking. Once it was gently intimated to me, that it had been observed at a house where I had supped, that after supper I had mixed some gin and water for myself, in which the gin was as much in quantity as the water; but my informant kindly said that she did not believe the statement, and begged me not to make myself at all uneasy about the matter, and to take no notice of it whatever, only to be more on my guard for the future."

The Mysteries of London.

[Cunningham, Strand.]

THIS little book, which will prove a useful companion to strangers visiting London, professes to unveil the frauds which are daily practised in the metropolis; and successfully and with much humour details the tricks resorted to by the proprietors of the meanest rag-shop up to the complaisant haberdasher in his gilded shop in Regent-street. There is a mixture of severity with truth in the remarks on some of our respectable tradesmen: nor does the learned profession escape the author's lash.

THE ATTORNEY.

"There is no villany of which the London pettifogger is not capable; and as law is, for the most part, anything but equity, he succeeds in his griping extortions four times out of five. These fellows, who are truly the scum of the earth, usually attach themselves to discounters and loan societies; and they also practise in the Insolvent Courts, making the "poor one poorer still;" or setting creditors at defiance in a case of rich rascality. The last is "nuts" to them. I never heard of any one who had seen a dead pettifogger. They seem to bear a charmed life. Alas, poor human nature! Let me advise you earnestly to have nothing whatever to do, save with the most respectable members of the profession. Their position renders it impossible for them to act dishonestly."

BEAUTY,

illustrative of the mode practised by puffing *hair forceers*, is piquant.

"All the appliances for defeating ugliness and communicating personal attraction may be obtained from the west-end perfumers. However pimped or

muddy the skin, it becomes in their hands smooth and transparent; unsightly down and wrinkles disappear together; and the hair—but sad tricks are played with that. I knew a Scotch lassie whose elf-locks of red were changed into a delightful and silky brown; but one fine morning I was surprised to find her with swollen eyes, green hair, and an intolerable pain in the head. She blest the *Pomade de Venus*, of course, and sent for the doctor. He ordered her head to be shaved, declaring, and very properly, that after such dangerous folly she was fit only for a lunatic asylum."

BALDNESS.

"There are advertisements daily to the effect of 'restoring the hair on heads that have been bald for years.' A list of cures is given, particularly of one old gentleman at the Land's End. The bottle is ten shillings only; you take it home, and grease yourself like an Indian for a fortnight. No hairs! At the end of a month you begin to think it a capital joke, for which you have paid half a sovereign!"

ALMACK'S.

"In Venice there was a 'Council of Ten,' and in King-street, St. James's, there is a Council of *Four*, equally summary in its proceedings. The punishments inflicted by the latter are not quite so severe, though in either case you pass, when condemned, over the *Bridge of Sighs*. The council consists of a duchess, two countesses, and the beautiful Mrs. * * *. Their decrees are as unaccountable as inscrutable; but that which commonly carries the day over beauty, virtue, accomplishments, and even birth, is—wealth. Dancing and social enjoyment are of the least possible moment at these assemblies, the ballot for membership being only another word for patronage in Church and State. This Gyneocracy, or petticoat dominion of 'Four,' forms, in truth, an estate of the realm."

BEAU.

* A London beau, of a certain age, is an optical delusion—a fraud of the more inoffensive kind. Naturally sans teeth, hair, whiskers, moustache, eyebrows, with one eye, and as thin as a lamp-post—he comes forth *plus* all the above, perfumed, *debonnaire*, and twenty years younger than he really is."

Want of space prevents us from giving a few clever extracts. We will, however, in a future number, return to this interesting little work, feeling confident that the extracts that we shall give will be appreciated by our readers. Those of our country friends who are "uninitiated in London life," will relish the Mysteries of the Great Metropolis.

The Entertainer.

THE LAST CITY CONUNDRUM.

(On the Dinner to be given in honour of Mr. Tite.)

"Why," cried Sir Claudius, "were it strange, If, when complete the New Exchange, We feast not with delight?"
 "Why?" Laurie asks, with face demure.
 "Because, Sir Clau. replies, we're sure To have a happy Tite."

Ancient Notions respecting Geography.—"We," says Gervase of Tilbury, "declare the world to be a square placed in the middle of the seas." Vincent de Beauvais' work contains a tolerably exact picture of the state of geography in the middle ages. He gives a methodical list of the different countries of Asia, Africa, and Europe. Concerning Palestine, as his information was founded on the observation of pilgrims, his report is pretty accurate. When he comes to the north, then but very little known, he supposes that Europe is terminated by the ocean at the 60th degree of latitude: beyond which islands only occur.

Experimental Marking of Salmon Fry.—To ascertain the precise period occupied by the salmon in passing from the state of a smout six or seven inches long to its mature size, and also the stages through which it has to pass in the interim, parties connected with the fisheries have commenced an experiment, by marking a considerable number of the fry; which now abound in the Tweed, with different coloured worsteds, according to the state they may be in when captured. They commenced on Friday last at Horncliff, and will continue their proceedings from time to time, as long as the smolts remain in the river.—*Berwick Warrier.*

The "Wolf Fish."—A wolf fish, or *Anarrhichas Lupus*, was caught by Mr. James Watson, fisherman, Greenock, on Tuesday week. Its extreme length was 5ft., and its weight 3st. 3lb. In the Kelso museum there is one of similar dimensions, which was caught at Goswick, and presented by the late Robert Wilkie, Esq., of Ladythorne. It has earned the name of wolf among the fishermen by its savage rapacity when caught—muzzing and biting at everything within its reach. The fish has been salted down for use: it was caught on a cod-line hook, with a haddock bait.

Life in Trees.—Ancients beheld nothing in nature as inanimate. The vegetables, which they saw increase, and covered with new leaves every year, had, they imagined, animal existence. The oak, apparently dead for a period, and yet reviving annually, must, they thought, conceal beneath its bark a supernatural being, who presided over these regular and admirable changes.

CORRESPONDENTS.

"K.'s" strictures are somewhat harsh. The writer alluded to will soon find his level, and will not fail to do for himself all that his enemies could wish to see done for him.

"G. S.'s" contribution is under consideration.

"F. G."—It is the intention of the proprietors of the "Mirror" to confine the columns of this periodical to original articles alone, with occasional translations from the works of talented continental writers.

"F.'s" suggestions will be attended to.

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